

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

JOHN C. & EDWARD BAILEY, PRORS.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, JUNE 15, 1870.

VOLUME XVII.—NO. 4

G. F. TOWNES, EDITOR.
J. C. BAILEY, ASSOCIATE

Advertisements inserted at the rate of one dollar per square of twelve lines (this sized type) for the first insertion, fifty cents each for the second and third insertions, and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions. Yearly contracts will be made. All advertisements must have the number of insertions marked on them, or they will be inserted till ordered out, and charged for. Unless ordered otherwise, advertisements will invariably be "displayed." Ordinary notices, and all matters relating to the benefit of any one, are regarded as advertisements.

Selected Poetry.

In Memoriam.

Gone to the quiet land to tranquil bowers,
Where bloom those fading mystical flowers,
The lilies pure, whose fragrance, like a prayer,
With tender sweetness fills the twilight air;
Where a sea of crystal, as a glass,
To these pictures all earth's scenes as they pass,
Yet its fleeting grief, and the tears that
Are shed,
Still not the repose of the holy dead;
For they in their deep mysterious rest
Share in God's knowledge, and so are blest.
Years pass to thee as "a watch in the night,"
Beyond shadows and darkness thou seem'st
The light,
And knowing the end, canst serenely wait
Till we too pass the star-begummed gate,
And thou'lt greet us then with the angel smile
Which shone o'er the dark hour of parting
erewhile;
For the radiant calm in thy dying eyes
Was the light from the dawn of Paradise.

Story for the Ladies.

THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER.

So sad is my story, and so true, that it seems branded into my memory in letters of fire. It is no story conjured up by the imagination, nor yet one that needs any glossing over by a fertile pen.—All its incidents are real—none exaggerated. Not many years ago a haughty old man, a judge of incorruptible morals, died, leaving behind him two children. After his death, it was found that he had not been so wealthy as many had imagined, yet rich enough to leave to each daughter a moderate competence. To the eldest sister descended the homestead and a sufficient income to keep up their former style; to the younger \$20,000, invested in an old and trusty bank. From infancy, Estelle, the eldest, had been acquainted with a poor, but proud spirited boy. She had watched his ineffectual struggles for an education such as he desired, admiring his unconquerable ambition, and as he neared manhood, he became her most ardent lover. But the old judge demurred. No daughter of his should encourage the attentions of a penniless youth—their intimacy must cease. Obedient as a child, she listened to her father's commands, and obeyed them implicitly. He surrounded her with gay company; he did everything that wealth or taste could suggest, to win her mind away from her boy lover. But though she uttered no complaints, he knew that she did not forget. At last he died. He did not bind her with any promises. Perhaps in death his eyes discovered that it needs more than mere wealth to bring happiness.—After her bereavement, Rupert Kingsland came to her again.

"Estelle, my love," he said passionately, "I could not keep away from you longer. It may seem wrong to you for me to come to you, now that he is gone, when I know how much opposed he was to me; but, darling, you are in trouble, and I must comfort you." She did not chide him. She believed her father must have relented, or else he would have spoken and forbidden her to receive him after death. She wept and sobbed on his bosom like a child.

"Rupert," she returned, "if you had forsaken me now, I should indeed be desolate."

"And to leave you ever, will kill me!" he ejaculated, inaptly.

"Curse my fortune, that I must be forever debarred from you!"

She started.

"Don't speak so fiercely, Rupert," she pleaded. "No one stands between us now."

"Yes, poverty stands between us, as it ever did," he replied.

"Never will I take advantage of his decease to step unworthily where he forbade me. If I could ever obtain my wish of becoming a great and famous physician, Estelle, then would I be proud to come to you."

"Where would you go to become a doctor?" she queried.

"I would study in England, France and Germany," was his eager response. "To be a common-place physician would not satisfy me. I must be the equal of the most eminent."

For a moment she was silent.

"Rupert," she observed presently, "the way is open for you at last. My money is left untouched. In no way would its use give me so much joy as to know it was aiding you to obtain your life's desire. You shall go to England, France and Germany. Only return to me as pure as you leave me."

For a time he opposed such a suggestion. He could not accept her money. But in proportion to his unwillingness to receive, became her eagerness to bestow. At last, he consented. He would only consider it a loan, to be repaid at some future day. He would send to her, as to a banker, for what he required, and remain away some four or five years. Her sister was very much opposed to it, when informed of what Estelle proposed to do.

"You are exceedingly unwise, Estelle," she said, angrily, "to draw from our capital to give to him. I doubt his goodness—I doubt his ever returning."

Estelle was wounded, but not discouraged. She made him a present of a very handsome gold watch and chain, and money enough to defray all expenses incidental to his journey and first admittance to a medical school.—Then he was to write to her, and she would send him more. His first two years were passed in England, and he received money from her every quarter. He lived in style, even luxury, surrounded himself with everything he could wish for; and though sometimes she thought he must be very extravagant in his habits, she made no inquiries, no comments. Her sister married and went to California, and Estelle was left alone to watch and wait the still remaining three years of his absence. He went to Germany. He remained there two years longer. The last year of his proposed absence, he wrote to Estelle thus:

"My love, I do not know how to say what I wish. My five years have nearly expired. I have tried to improve them—I conscientiously believe I have. I am nearing the goal, which, save for the goodness of your true and noble heart, I never could have hoped to attain. But yet I am not satisfied. I wish to see you so much, my poor, love birdling, that betimes I am ready to drop everything, give up every future hope for this world or the next, to fly to you. But I restrain myself. I wish to be entirely worthy of you, and all you have done for me, when I do return. Oh if I could only remain here two years longer—two years, an eternity of time to be separated from you, and yet how much I might accomplish therein.

She perused and re-perused that part of his letter. Two years more! Two years of long waiting—seven years of weary watching! She let not even a sigh escape from her lips. Her trust in him was implicit. There is a passage in holy writ which says, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." She was made perfect in earthly love—she knew no fear. It would be hard for him to be away two years longer, but if he desired it, she would not complain. She did not think how her youth was leaving her—she did not care. The only question was how could she obtain the money. She had already lent him, so great had been his extravagance, every penny of her principal. She took up her pen, and thus wrote:

"Rupert, God alone knows how much I long for you; but if it is your wish to remain away two years more, do not let that deter you. You know my father did not leave me as well provided for as was anticipated, and now all is gone but the homestead. If you think the two years necessary, I will mortgage it."

He did think two more years requisite, but he wrote so touchingly about her sacrifice, that it seemed almost as if he was conferring a favor on her by taking it, than her on him by giving. It was mortgaged. Every dollar she realized was sent to him. Her one servant—she had dispensed with them one by one—was discharged. Then she stood alone! What was she to do? She could not appeal to her sister; she remembered the taunts that sister had extended to her. She went out and procured a situation as governess in a wealthy family—one of her old friends. Public indignation became intense. Judge

Atherton's daughter a governess! People blamed her for her folly, but she smiled serenely. Her reward was yet to come, she believed. Rupert's return and Rupert's fame would compensate her for all! The two years passed away, and even she could not deny to herself that she had failed greatly during that time. Then a letter came to her; it said:

"My patient dove, I am coming at last. Be ready for me in May. Write me one more letter."

Accompanying it were papers containing notices of him and his great medical skill. American papers congratulated themselves upon going to have such a rare acquisition to the medical fraternity. She read and wept tears of joy.—He was coming at last!

"You must not be surprised," she wrote in her responsive epistle, "to find me much changed. I think my health has failed during the past two years quite rapidly."

Alas! to how many hearts such an announcement would have carried terror! She knew the name of the ship in which he was to sail, and watched the slow, seemingly endless days go by. She was full of peaceful joy; he was coming—she was content. Those that knew her said her face wore the expression of an angel. Be that as it might—her heart wore the happiness of one! She heard when the steamer arrived. They only lived twenty miles distant—surely he would come the next day. But the next day came, and the next, and next, and he came not. She saw his name among the list of arrivals; was he sick?—She was tempted to go down and see, when a gentleman called upon her.

"I have seen your friend, Dr. Kingsland, in the city," he said.—"He told me to inform you that he had been detained, but would soon be up."

The announcement took one pang from her heart only to add another. He was well—she thanked God for that; but could she have been within twenty miles of him for a week without sending him a message! That was all the reproach she allowed her gentle heart to make, while she formed a thousand excuses for his cruel neglect. Two more weeks went past, and they numbered three. Then a note came, which commenced as follows:

"My dear friend, I feel as if I can say to you, through a note, that which I wish to say, better than face to face. Estelle, you have been my best friend, my good Samaritan, and I am sure you will rejoice at my happiness. I was married last night to Miss Mary Morse. You remember her? A young lady of wealth, beauty, and a good position in society."

She read no more. Some one in the adjoining room heard a heavy fall, and rushed in. They found her on the floor, apparently dead. They picked her up and sent for a physician.

"A severe shock," was his conclusion. "She is dying of the heart disease."

She became sensible again, but her heart was utterly broken.—Seven years of waiting, and then the false-hearted lover had left her—left her, after squandering her property, to die in poverty?—Even then she uttered no complaints. She had all his letters, little keepsakes, and every trifle pertaining to him brought to her. She bound them up and addressed them to him.

"After I am gone send them to him," she said.

A week later they laid her away, and fulfilled her last request. He began to practice early, and his success was wonderful, despite the notoriety which his falseness had brought upon him. On the first night after he returned from Europe, Mary Morse gave a party. She made her brother promise to watch Dr. Kingsland, and bring him up with him.

"See if I do not win him from that faded Estelle Atherton!" she exclaimed, before he met her.

And she did so. His fickle heart easily proved recreant to every vow of love, every tie of honor. Two years after, she was about to go down a flight of stairs, when suddenly she uttered a loud shriek and fell forward to the bottom. When she became conscious she said, "Estelle Atherton stood at the foot of the stairs!"

Whether it was merely a delusion of her guilty conscience or not, we can never know. Anyway, the fall fractured her spine, and, until this day, she is a miserable, repining, cross, faded invalid, frightened to be left alone for a moment. And he is a premature, old, conscience-stricken wretch, enduring all the pangs of earthly

purgatory. Verily my friend is being avenged! It is God's just retribution.

A Sad Story.

Outside of Fayette county, where the prophet was held in high, but not in blameless repute, being "in his own country," the name of Clay has ever been a sacred one in Kentucky, and to name him, has been to quote lovingly.—"Wherever freedom found a votary, that votary met in him a champion." When Greece, the classic land of Greece, the fountain of refinement—the birth-place of eloquence and liberty and poetry; when Greece awoke from the long slumber of ages and beat back the faded crescent to its native East; when Macedon recalled to mind the feats of her conquering boy, and the Spartan struck in for the land that bred him, then the voice of Clay rolled over the waters of the blue Atlantic as a greeting from the New World to the Old. But "hushed is that voice whose every tone was music," and so on till the declaimer wearied. Such being the esteem in which the Sage of Ashland was held in the hearts of his countrymen, the people of his Commonwealth have been slow to speak to strangers of the skeleton in his household, though in the homes of the State the sad story has been a household word.

Yesterday morning our special telegrams announced the end of a weary life, in stating that Theodore, eldest son of Henry Clay, had died in the Lexington Lunatic Asylum, after a long confinement.—The record of his blasted life is briefly thus:

At the age of thirty years, Theodore Clay was a promising lawyer. He was the lounge and hope of the statesman, whose fame was on every tongue. It is true that there were whispers of wild living, and of indifferent morals; that something tinged the fair repute and even darkened the future prospects of this scion of a noble house.—Still it was hoped that these were but the result of youth, and would be cast aside when circumstances called upon the matured man to assert himself and make his talent felt in the community.

It was at this turning point in his life, that Theodore Clay began to pursue, with an unwearied perseverance that caused his friends great uneasiness, a young lady of Lexington, whom he had long loved hopelessly. The object of his attachment, who is at the present moment one of the brightest ornaments of Kentucky society, repulsed firmly, but kindly, every attention offered by the infatuated young man, after his meaning had become manifest. It was of no use, he would not be refused, and followed his fair fate in the streets by day and wandered in the neighborhood of her home by night, in an annoying manner, until at last it became evident that he "was not all there," to use the soft phrase by which a kindly peasantry expresses insanity. Subsequent violent demonstrations tended to confirm the impression, it being even related that he went to the house of Mr. — and demanded his daughter at the pistol's point, until at last the wretched truth could no longer be ignored, and confinement in the Asylum became a stern necessity. This was accordingly done (in 1832, we believe), his father providing for his support at that time, and leaving \$10,000 in his will, the income from which was secured to Theodore for life. That life, after thirty-eight years of imprisonment in what in the earlier days of his confinement he was wont to call "a good boarding-house, but having some of the biggest fools he ever saw as boarders," has just closed. For nearly thirty years he was one of the most noted of the inmates, not only his proud descent, but his graceful manners and flow of conversation rendering him an object of interest to all visitors. He labored under the hallucination that he was George Washington, and was fond of assuming the traditional attitudes of the Father of his country. At the occasional balls given to the inmates, (averaging some five hundred in number,) he was always exquisitely dressed, in the style of his day, and was the beau par excellence. During all these long years, despite his general gentleness and cheerfulness of manner, he was restless and discontented, and required close watching, it never, in fact, having been considered prudent to allow him to go out into the grounds without attendants. About the year 1860, his condition began to grow worse, and he soon after became demented, continuing in hopeless idiocy until a few days since, when Death, greater healer than Time, placed him again upon

an equality with the peers of his early manhood, who had gone before him to the God that created him and did with him according to his inscrutable will. And so ends as sad a story as the truth of history ever commanded to be written.

Two sons of Henry Clay still survive him, T. H. Clay, ex-Minister to Honduras, now resides on his place, "Mansfield," near Lexington, and John M. Clay, the raiser of "Kentucky," and one of the greatest trappers living.

Death of Mr. Robert Brackenridge.

It is our duty this morning to announce the death of the oldest male inhabitant of Anderson County. Mr. Robert Brackenridge departed this life at his residence, nine miles southeast of this place, on Friday night last, in the 81st year of his age. He was a native of County Antrim, Ireland, and came to this country when quite a youth. Mr. Brackenridge was engaged in school teaching the greater portion of his long life, having entered upon that avocation in Abbeville about the year 1800.—He taught consecutively from that time until within the past few months, but for a number of years he followed the occupation only nominally. He was universally esteemed for his sterling worth and integrity, and numbered among his friends, patrons and pupils nearly every prominent citizen of Anderson for the past half century. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and probably the oldest Mason in this section of the State.—He likewise belonged to the Presbyterian denomination, and was a consistent member of that church.

He possessed the genuine humor of his native country, and we have heard several incidents in his life worth relating. It is said that, on a certain occasion, Mr. Brackenridge visited this place when Court was in session, and looking around at the officers of the Court and members of the bar, remarked to a friend that he had whipped every one of them, including Judge Earle who was presiding, and Gen. Whitner then Solicitor of this circuit, as well as the Clerk, Sheriff, and all the lawyers. Of course, the remark was repeated until it reached the ears of the Judge, who shortly ordered an adjournment of the Court, and every one began to gather around the old gentleman, for he had then reached an advanced period in his life. The scene which followed can better be imagined than described, and it was one upon which this venerable citizen loved to dwell ever afterwards. He survived the distinguished Judge many years, and had lived to see many of those present go down to the grave.—And now, at the close of a very long, useful and honorable career on earth, he has been gathered to his fathers, and we trust that he rests in eternal peace.

(Anderson Intelligencer, 9th.)

MINING UNDER THE SEA.—There is a vast copper mine in England, where shafts extend many hundred yards under the sea. The moaning of the waves as they dash against the rocks is forever sounding in those gloomy aisles. When the storms come, the sound of the waters becomes so terrific that even the boldest miners cannot stay below, but leave their work and come out upon the earth.—Overhead are masses of bright copper streaming through the gallery in all directions, traversed by a network of thin red veins of iron, and over all the salt water drips down from tiny crevices in the rock. Immense wealth of metal is contained in these roofs, but no miner dare give it another stroke with the pickaxe. Already there has been one day's work too much upon it, as a huge wedge of wood driven into the rock bears testimony. The wedge is all that keeps back the sea from bursting in upon them. Yet there are three tiers of galleries where men work day by day, not knowing but at some fatal hour the flood may be upon them, rendering all escape as hopeless as it was in the days of Noah. The awe-stricken visitor hurries away from the scene with a heart appalled in view of the hourly dangers.

In South Carolina there are five daily newspapers, four tri-weekly newspapers, one semi-weekly newspaper, forty-two weekly newspapers, two monthlies, one quarterly.

LAVATER SAYS: "He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man."

A Curious Invention.

Dr. Milio, the celebrated surgeon of Kieff, has recently been at St. Petersburg explaining a means he has invented of illuminating the body by means of the electric light to such an extent that the human machine may be observed, almost as if skin and flesh were transparent. The Moscow Gazette asserts that to demonstrate the feasibility of his process, Dr. Milio placed a bullet inside his mouth, and then lighted up his face, upon which the bullet became distinctly visible through his cheek. Dr. Milio does not propose to lay bare all the secrets of the flesh, to explore the recesses of the heart, or to perform any miracles physical or metaphysical. But he claims to have discovered a new and effective method of dealing with gunshot wounds; first, by means of electric illumination he discovers the precise situation of the bullet; next, by means of magnetism, he proposes to extract the bullet—provided always that the bullet contain some portion of steel.—Against leaden bullets this system is powerless, and he therefore intends to represent to the International Committee, which lately met at Geneva, the desirability of recommending an admixture of steel in the manufacture of all future bullets. Dr. Milio's experiments with bullets containing only a slight admixture of steel are said to have been thoroughly successful.

"SOMETIME."—The following is one of Mr. Prentice's wails, so many of which appeared in the Louisville Journal in its palmy days:

"Sometime—it is a sweet, sweet song, warbled to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, and filling the whole air with such joy and gladness as the songs of birds when the summer morning comes out of darkness, and day is born on the mountains. We have all our possession in the future, which we call 'sometime.' Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear the other. But oh, reader, be of good cheer, for all the good there is a golden 'sometime'; w.e. in the hills and valleys of time are all passed; when the wear and fever, the disappointment and the sorrow of life are over, then there is the place and the rest appointed of God.—Oh, homestead, over whose roof fall no shadows, or over whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills, and standing with thy spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrow nor pain, nor the sound of weeping."

THE ART OF FINANCING.—A singular financial transaction occurred in one of the dock offices a day or two since. By some means or other it happened that the office boy owed one of the clerks three cents, the clerk owed the cashier two cents, and the cashier owed the office boy two cents. One day last week the office boy having a cent in his pocket concluded to diminish his debt, and therefore handed the nickel over to the clerk, who, in turn, paid half of his debt by giving the coin to the cashier. The latter handed the cent back to the office boy, remarking, "now I only owe you one cent." The office boy again passed the cent to the clerk who passed it back to the cashier, who passed it back to the office boy, and the latter individual squared all accounts, paying it to the clerk, thereby discharging his entire debt. Thus it may be seen how great is the benefit to be derived from a single cent if only expended judiciously.

SELDOM do we meet with a truth more beautifully expressed than this from the New York Nation: "Refined homes are the end of civilization. All the work of the world—the railroading, navigating, digging, delving, manufacturing, inventing, teaching, writing, fighting, are done, first of all, to secure each family in the quiet possession of its own hearth; and, secondly, to surround as many hearths as possible with grace and culture and beauty. The work of all races for 5,000 years is represented in the difference between a wigwam and a lady's parlor. It has no better result to show."

A COLORED woman in Sardis, Miss., who last week got up out of a sick bed and would go "to the show," despite every effort made to prevent her doing so, became so much alarmed at the elephant that she fainted away, and actually died from the effects of the fright before she could be removed.

The Air-Line Railroad Let to Contract.

It is with pleasure that we are able to announce the fact that Mr. P. P. Dickinson of Poughkeepsie, New York, has taken the entire contract for the construction of the Air-Line Railroad from this place to Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Dickinson has a large experience in this line of business, and has ample capital and is responsible. We are glad that some one man was found who had the enterprise, pluck and capital to undertake the construction of the entire road, which we think will insure expedition in the work.

Mr. Dickinson proposes to let sub-contracts and has opened an office in this city where he or his agent will receive proposals for contracts between this place and Spartanburg. These contracts will be for any distance that contractors may desire.

It will be gratifying to our citizens to know how auspiciously our Railroad affairs are progressing. Long before the tax payers are required to advance one cent of the tax which they voted upon themselves, work will be commenced on the roads and the money realized from the sale of our bonds will be in circulation among us. Business and trade of every sort will be enlivened thereby, and remunerative employment will be afforded the laboring man. Then when we take into consideration how these roads are going to enhance the value of our property, increase our trade and manufactures and add to our population, there will certainly be no man in the county who will regret that the Railroad subscription were made by the county.

(Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.)

ESCAPE OF A SHIP'S CREW FROM SAVAGES.—The following is from the London News of May 18: The crew of the bark Belcarray, which was driven ashore on the coast of Terra del Fuogo on the morning of the 4th of March last, during a heavy gale, had a very narrow escape from falling into the hands of the Patagonian savages. As soon as the vessel was observed to be ashore by the natives, they came down to the beach in large numbers, all of them being armed, some with spears, and others with bows and arrows, with the supposed intention of attacking or capturing the crew of the ill-fated bark. Seeing the dangerous position of himself and crew, Captain Edges decided on abandoning the vessel, although she was perfectly dry at that time, but embedded eight feet in sand. The Captain and his wife and eight men took to the long boat, and the chief officer and four men to the pinnace. The latter boat reached Stanley, Falkland Islands, in four days, but nothing up to late dispatches had been heard of the long boat or the people in her.—The agent at Stanley had sent a number of schooners to the scene of the wreck, in order to save as much of the cargo as possible.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.—The Portland Argus gives currency to a most remarkable incident. It says that a few evenings since, as a freight train, behind time, was passing Oak Hill Station, in Scarborough, at a speed of thirty miles an hour, it struck against a horse attached to a sled, which was crossing the track at the time without a driver. The sled was smashed into kindling-wood, and it was supposed that the horse was instantly killed, but the train sped on for some distance, when the engineer, looking out, saw the horse staring at him from the cow catcher with a puzzled look, as much as to say: "What is all this fuss about?" The train was promptly stopped, and it was found that the horse had been picked up by the cow-catcher and deposited on the platform in front of the engine, where, too much stunned or frightened to move, he laid until lifted off and was found to be comparatively uninjured. He was led back to his astonished owner, who stood gazing at the wreck of his hobby, and wondering what had become of the animal.

A HOTEL bell boy in Detroit proves to be a girl. She has worked on a canal as a driver, on a steamer as a cook, and in a chair factory, without her sex being discovered. She wears her hair "shingled," can smoke, sometimes drinks, and says that when she gets very mad she can swear too. She is a remarkable specimen of the wild girl of the West.

Dr. LIVINGSTONE is once more a source of anxiety, and a deputation is to be sent from England in search of him.